

THE

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE to the
History of *BACON* in *Virginia*.

Written by *Mr. Dryden*.

25. Nov. 1689.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Woman.

Plays you will have; and to supply your
 Store,
 Our Poets trade to ev'ry Foreign Shore:
 This is the Product of *Virginian* Ground,
 And to the Port of *Covent-Garden* bound.
 Our Cargo is, or should at least, be Wit:
 Bless us from you damn'd Pyrates of the Pit:
 And Vizard-Masks, those dreadful Apparitions;
 She-Privateers, of Venomous Conditions,
 That clap us oft aboard with *French* Commissi-
 ons.
 You Sparks, we hope, will with us happy Tra-
 ding;
 For you have Ventures in our Vessel's Lading;
 And tho you touch at this or t'other Nation;
 Yet sure *Virginia* is your dear Plantation.
 Expect no polish'd Scenes of Love shou'd rise
 From the rude Growth of *Indian* Colonies.
 Instead of Courtship, and a tedious pother,
 They only tip the Wink at one another;
 Nay often the whole Nation, pig together.
 A You

You Civil *Beaus*, when you pursue the Game, }
 With manners mince the meaning of--that same: }
 But ev'ry part has there its proper Name.
 Good Heav'n's defend me, who am yet unbroken
 From living there, where such Bug-words are
 spoken:

Yet surely, Sirs, it does good Stomachs show,
 To talk so favour'ly of what they do.
 But were I Bound to that broad speaking land,
 What e're they said, I would not understand,
 But innocently, with a Ladies Grace,
 Wou'd learn to whisk my Fan about my Face.
 However, to secure you, let me swear,
 That no such base *Mundungus* Stuff is here.
 We bring you of the best the Soyl affords:
 Buy it for once, and take it on our Words:
 You wou'd not think a Countrey-Girl the
 worse,

If clean and wholesome, tho her Linnen's course.
 Such are our Scenes; and I dare boldly say,
 You may laugh less at a far better Play.
 The Story's true; the Fact not long a-go;
 The *Hero* of our Stage was *English* too:
 And bate him one small frailty of Rebelling,
 As brave as e're was born at *Iniskelling*.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Woman.

BY this time you have lik'd, or damn'd
 our Plot ;
 Which tho I know, my Epilogue knows not:
 For if it cou'd foretel, I shou'd not fail,
 In decent wise, to thank you, or to rail.
 But he who sent me here, is positive,
 This Farce of Government is sure to thrive ;
Farce is a Food as proper for your lips,
 As for *Green-Sickness*, crumpt Tobacco-pipes.
 Besides, the Author's dead, and here you sit,
 Like the Infernal Judges of the Pit:
 Be merciful, for 'tis in you this day,
 To save or damn her Soul ; and that's her Play.
 She who so well cou'd Love's kind Passion paint,
 We piously believe, must be a Saint:
 Men are but Bunglers, when they wou'd express
 The sweets of Love, the dying tenderness ;
 But Women, by their own abundance, measure,
 And when they write , have deeper sense of
 Pleasure.
 Yet tho her Pen did to the Mark arrive,
 'Twas common Praise, to please you, when
 alive ;

But

But of no other Woman, you have read,
 Except this one, to please you, now she's dead.
 'Tis like the Fate of Bees, whose golden pains,
 Themselves extinguish'd, in their Hive re-
 mains.

Or in plain terms to speak, before we go,
 What you young Gallants, by experience, know,
 This is an Orphan Child; a bouncing Boy,
 'Tis late to lay him out, or to destroy.
 Leave your Dog-tricks, to lie and to forswear,
 Pay *you* for Nurling, and we'll keep him here.

Licens'd, Nov. 20. 1689. J. F.

FINIS.

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